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Bushido

Count Okuma in The Japan Magazine.

In Japan there is a literature so characteristic of the country that it can not be found in any other part of the world. This literature deals with loyalty to the throne, filial piety, devotion between man and wife, fidelity to friends, the spirit of sacrificing one's life for the cause of the state in time of national emergency.

All these ideals have existed in Japan from time immemorial, forming a spirit that pervaded every class of society, and remains unchanged even today. This national idea or spirit is sometimes called Bushido, but I would call it a popular literature.

Take, for instance, the country theatricals, the tales of story-tellers, the naniwa bushi, the tokiwazu, the gidayu, the shinnai, and the hanta, or any passage from musical compositions—all will reveal the predominance of this national idea. Although the spirit may be expressed in many ways, yet the theme will invariably consist of such sentiments as loyalty, fidelity, devotion.

For the development of human character, based upon moral excellence, there is probably nothing which bears a more important relation to it than this common literature. What is the best mode of spiritual culture for the people of Japan? The answer to this question is certainly this: to let them understand Bushido and realize its principles in themselves. This is my conviction.

But Bushido is interpreted variously. Some say that it is a "warrior spirit," and is a sentiment which existed only in the samurai of long ago. Yet there are others who attach to it a deeper and broader meaning. It is true that every explanation contains more or less truth, but the difference in interpretation is often misleading. Therefore, for my part, I would call Bushido the popular literature of Japan, and I believe this is the most appropriate explanation.

The celebrated Manshu Saigo once resigned his official post, and formed a league with his fellow-thinkers, and his plan can be said to be simply a phase of this popular literature of Japan or Bushido. It was a great pity, however, that his meaning was misunderstood, and that he died an unknown death in consequence.

The Builders of the Nation

Lyman Abbott in The Outlook.

The builders of this nation are not the men at Washington; the builders of this nation are the fathers, the mothers, the teachers. To educate the child from the cradle, to habituate him to obedience, to develop in him the sense of justice and of truthfulness, to train him to habits of a divine manhood, then, with this training, to launch him into the school, and there, not to work against the school, as some mothers do, not to be indifferent to the school, as many fathers are, but to cooperate with the teacher, in support of her authority, in sympathy with her instruction, in aid of her work, and in that cooperation to connect all that teaching with the home and with the life, so that this child, growing to manhood, may learn how to support himself, to do his own thinking, to understand the thoughts of his neighbor, to live with that neighbor in harmony, in justice, righteousness, and fair dealing; to give the child splendid ideals beckoning him on, to give him the lessons of past history holding him in check, to give him the joy that comes through beauty, and to make all his teaching grow out of his life and fit him for his life—this is the work of education in a self-educating community preparing itself for self-government.

What Church Songs to Sing

They should neither be "gospel song" devoted to a dubiously consecrated "rag-time," nor a song "produced for the money in it." But, says a writer in the Chicago Interior, "hymns which have appeared at intervals along the pathway of the church through the ages, inspired by the spontaneous impulse of devout souls to voice their faith, aspiration, prayer, and praise." More:

"Whoever, therefore, would make Christian congregational singing an actual ministration to the people, should concentrate chiefly on the study of the 'grand old hymns' of Christendom.

"So may he bring to the people words and melodies in which as they sing they shall hear a voice for their own hearts.

"What is thus said of the hymns applies as well to the anthems of the choir. The choir-master's frequent habit of haphazardly picking up for Sunday whatever piece of music happens to fall under his eye should through patient tact of the pastor—if the choir-master doesn't see the point himself—be replaced by a habit of carefully choosing musical works of the profoundest and truest devotional spirit. Weekly conference between pastor and choir-master should insure consonance between choir and pulpit.

"And choir singing should certainly be of such fashion as shall minister directly to the people. This means not merely that a message should be sung in words that the people may understand and receive, but more than that, it means that the singers in the choir should be persons able to sing the message with spiritual honesty and understanding in their own hearts.

"It is as repulsive that choir people should sing what they do not believe or practise as it is that the minister should say what he does not believe or practise."

Small Talks

R. H. TRENT—I vote "No."

GEO. A. DAVIS—The nearest approach to Balaam's ass is Joe Fern.

R. O. BROWN—I am waiting for Trent's immigration treatise with a great deal of interest.

SUPERVISOR QUINN—Don't say the board of supervisors has done nothing. Some of us have done a lot.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY BRECKONS—Whenever I go downtown at night to sweat a prisoner, I always wear my sweater.

COLLECTOR STACKABLE—I have noticed sometimes that people who rush into things without being asked get sat on.

GOVERNOR FREAR—The administration expects important results from the lease of the Kapaa lands—if the land board ever passes on it.

M. T. FURTADO—None of this Link McCandless business for me. I tell you one party is too small to hold the both of us, so I got out and let him have it all.

S. SHEBA—A number of small donations to the Japanese flood fund will please us better than a few large ones. The Japanese are very much gratified at the way their American friends have responded to the appeal for help.

ALLAN HERBERT—Traveling on the local steamers from here to the Coast is too much like walking up Fort street, because nearly all the passengers are local people. So I go on the through boats and immediately find myself among new people. That forms part of my vacation, and it begins right away.

R. W. SHINGLE—Never in the history of the Republican party have the various factions been working together so well as now. At the present time there appears to be no independent branch, no Achi faction, no Labor party, no Civic Federation faction—even The Advertiser is getting around to the straight-ticket idea. The party has a good ticket and can afford to work for it.

Actor—There's something lacking in this garden scene. There should be vegetables about. Stage Manager—Oh, the audience will supply the vegetables when they see your acting.—Boston Transcript.

Hostess—Mr. Squibs is going to sing a comic song. Guest—I knew something would happen. I upset the salt at the dinner table.—Stray Stories.

THE BYSTANDER



A Glass House Needs No Window

Now that politics has the center of the stage, I've been thinking again of some campaigns ten years hence, and wondering just how the list of candidates will size up. With 6800 Japanese school children and considerably less than 6000 Hawaiian children in the public schools, it strikes me that a decade hence Kube Matsumoto may be a candidate for sheriff with Harry Iwakami running for treasurer. Possibly a Keoloha or an Opanui or a Kalaokalani may still be in existence to run for the clerkship, and possibly a hapa-pake may be running for Mayor, but it is dead certain that some of the principal offices will be sought by Japanese looking to their own electorate to put them in the offices where they will have a large say in the administration of municipal affairs.

The Japanese some fifteen years ago were extremely desirous of obtaining control of the government—a republic, then—and a demand was made that the Japanese be given the same privileges at the ballot box with the rest of the voting community. The demand, or request, whatever it was, failed of recognition. A quarter of a century is a far cry from that period of demanding, but the Japanese, if they decide that their children shall be Anglo-Saxon in tendencies, will have the right to cast a ballot. If the Japanese parents decide their children shall remain oriental, then the non-Asiatic voting population will be so much better off.

The Pioneer Hotel ceases to dispense hospitality in the eating line shortly after sundown, and then the help become lost to human ken until next morning. The stranger in the land wots nothing of this arrangement as a rule, and interesting complications sometimes occur.

Last week the Claudine deposited an Englishman and his portmanteau on the wharf. Host Freeland, notwithstanding the fact that the hour was one in the morning, asked the stranger if he wanted a room.

"Do you work for the hotel?" queried the stranger.

"Aye, in a way," responded George.

"Then take my luggage across there's a good man," said the newcomer.

Big George complied with this request as gracefully as possible.

Arrived at the hotel, the guest nearly caused Freeland to have a fit, by exclaiming:

"I would like some poached eggs."

Freeland looked gravely into his guest's eye and remarked: "So would I."

I have a fat friend who has been playing in bad luck the last few days. He was temporarily occupying a stenographer's seat in a wholesale liquor house, talking to the proprietor, when a scantling which was being manipulated in the hands of a Japanese on some repair work, fell or was purposely dropped, and broke the chair in which he was sitting, just escaping his physical frame by an inch. That afternoon he went out to take a look at a plantation. A mounted roustabout galloped up to him and asked by what right he was rubbing at the growing cane, and please would he see the manager. He saw the manager, who explained that since the strike of the Japanese there were no strangers allowed on a plantation without a permit. The only mistake my friend made was in going up to the manager to explain his presence, instead of telling the roustabout to fetch the manager to him.

I see that one William Herbert Milton Ayres is immortalized in ye Maui News by an alleged poem, which has for its refrain "Meow-lao," being a jocular versification on Iao valley on the Island of Maui. It seems he was trying to go to sleep and he heard the noises of the valley, whose name is Iao, and it sounded like Meow, which is the alleged noise a cat makes. I think Ayres must have been sitting under the pussy-willows on the edge of a cat-aract when he wrote his Meow poem. It is up to Ayres to listen to the barking sands and then to get off some "dog-gerel."

Dr. Bruce McV. Mackall, city and county physician, ought to get a real bell on the auto with which he so frequently breaks the speed limit under the privilege of racing through city streets when an emergency case calls him to a public exhibition of nerve.

Said Trent to Link, "What do you think about this immigration?"

And Link he sighed and then replied with words of rank negation:

"I dassen't think, my name is Link, and Link means 'join together,'"

"So what's the use of poor abuse in this abusive weather?"

Said Trent to Link, "They've raised a stink about my real position"

"And what I think about a drink and also prohibition;

"They've asked me how a local cow can can a can of cream,

"And I have said the can-can's dead and hula-ing's the scream.

"They've asked me if the cocoanuts were nutty, and I've said

"They must be nutty, dear, because a coco is a head;

"But if I get ahead of them they're bound to ask again:

"Oh, tell us, Mr. Trent, do tell, are to reign or rain?"

"If only all the newspapers would half believe my talk

"I really think that I and Link could win out in a walk.

"While Link says immigration is a thing we do not like,

"I'm really bound to say the same, as sure is right is Mike."

Said Link to Trent: "Oh, what is meant, by this here immigration?"

"Most all I seen, most all I done for this here blooming nation,

"Don't seem to be appreciated, and I'll be dumfurgasted

"If I'll remain in constant pain while this here game is lasted.

"The people is a foolish thing what needs a man like me

"To go to Washington and spile the needs that needs must be.

"Them votes what people's going to give is sure deserved of Link,

"Oh, tell me Trent, my peppermint, what do you really think?"

Said Trent to Link: "I really think that what you say is right,

"And anything you think is good is really out of sight.

"I'm out for you, as good and true as any man can be;

"But, heaven and earth, what is it worth, to such a man as me?

"I have a reputation as a deacon and a clerk

"Who is the city treasurer and slick at money work.

"Now, if I back your silly dope, I'm like to lose the race;

"And yet, you bet, you need me bad, to save your blooming face.

"You plainly see I don't agree with all your explanation,

"But I have found that I am bound to anti-immigration."

Link McCandless seems to have an idea that as long as he subsidizes a Hawaiian newspaper he will be thoroughly represented in print. Link ought to get wise to the fact that most Hawaiians read English newspapers.

There was an item recently in a mainland newspaper to the effect that petrified fish were sold in a Los Angeles market. That is nothing, for we have

(Continued on Page Five.)

SIDELIGHTS

FEMINE IDEAS OF POLITICS.

A women's views on politics are curious rather than instructive. We read the papers on current subjects of interest in order that our husbands may overlook belated and poorly cooked breakfasts and dinners by being amused at our comments. A poorly constructed soul, as well as a somewhat dubious five-cent egg may be consumed and forgotten when seasoned with feminine reviews of the immigration question, and the land policy, and Dickie Trent's methodical Methodistical religious business tactics, and the host of other all-absorbing topics.

If The Advertiser will permit, Sidelights will therefore from week to week place before its readers a few unsophisticated remarks on the progress of the present campaign, with the hope that the diversion permitted by turning from a ponderous, heavy editorial on the situation to some effusions by one of our sex will be pleasing.

And Sidelights' first subject is the Democratic territorial platform. It certainly is a wonder. I do not know whether Pfeffer, famed for whiskers, or Jerry Simpson, equally famed for endeavoring to put toggeries out of business by refusing to wear socks, is alive or make. But it matters not. Even though dead, resurrection would result should they be able to read the instrument. And should bookings permit, they would at once leave for Honolulu, announcing the home of Link McCandless as their permanent place of residence, regardless of undertakers or anything else. They say Link wears socks, and we know he doesn't wear whiskers, but on "sins" and "demagogism" he looks as much like the two Kansas statesmen mentioned, as the McNerny twins like each other.

Capitally the platform came out pretty well. "Organic Act" is always started with a big "O" and a big "A." "Legislature" starts quite often with the capital: "congress" never. Rank heresy would it have been to start "Delegate" with a small "d." Get your copy of the Kaneohe production and learn something about capitalization.

On the subject of federal control I was completely at sea; and must admit that I am not yet on land. On land matters, I learned that the policies of our Uncle Sam must prevail. As to Immigration—and in this platform capital "I's"—are always either directly or indirectly in evidence—we must handle our own affairs. On the liquor business ours must be the heat and burden of the day, and Curtis and Woolley must take a back seat. Statehood should immediately arrive, and then we can do what we want.

The care of the lepers should be with our Washington bosses, and not with us. To epitomize, land and leprosy we can't handle, and intoxication and immigration we can. All four can be taken care of if statehood comes. I certainly wish I were stateswoman enough to detect the underlying principle in this combination.

Aliens must not hold lands, says Link. The scheme is a good one, and will work well. Billy Irwin never did like Honolulu, and being an alien, should not be permitted to erect therein even a mosquito net. F. A. Schaefer has lived here but a few years, and should be compelled to take a street car ride and look out for "For Rent" signs. Planters' Association Mead's, Lieutenant Swanzy ought of right to desert his Manoa palace, for never hath he sworn allegiance. And the Chinamen, who can't become citizens if they want to, should be compelled to place their present holdings of real estate in the hands of the "Trent Trust" Company for disposition. My only fear is that, even with the eloquence and logic which the climate of Kaneohe generates before it, congress will not forget that it has laws on the subject already, fully and justly covering every branch thereof.

The plank on individual ownership of land appeals strongly to me. No one man should own more than a "reasonable" number of acres of real estate, whether it be lava flow or cane producing. Somewhere or other, I got the idea that the Constitution of the United States would interfere, but I guess I must be wrong. If I should be right, elect Link just the same and at his request it will be promptly amended. So long as the word "reasonable" is retained it will be all right.

STRINGING THE TOURIST.

The men say shark fishing is all right when you get ripe horse and a big fish. Trips around the Island are pleasant when the machine doesn't break down and the rain is on a vacation. Bridge is a good time-killer if you don't lose.

But I have discovered a new recreation which costs little or nothing and which will hold its own with any. My husband, who knows something about slang, says that I should label it "Stringing the Tourist."

My brilliant discovery was made on last Sunday afternoon, while on a car with my boy on the way to Waikiki. The tourist was of the cheap variety, and wore a countenance and a suit of clothes which might both have come from some State where copper coins are the prevailing medium of exchange. The five-cent fare was exorbitant, and he wanted to make up the loss by securing information for nothing. He succeeded. He tapped a lawyer, prominent in the councils of the Democratic party, likewise bound for the beach. And it that tourist ever did get enough free stationery and use two of his precious pennies for a postage stamp and write a letter to his home weekly agricultural paper, let The Advertiser get hold of a copy of it and reprint the article which will appear. It will be worth reading.

The statue of Kamehameha was named correctly all right, probably because the traveler couldn't understand or remember it. The Portuguese warship was paid one hundred dollars per month for seeing that nobody touched it. The Judiciary building was a temple similar to the great one of the ancient Peruvians. The Executive building, decorated with some mirrors and some blank spots where others used to be, was the residence of the Queen. Thomas Square was owned by the Chinese, and used only for celebrations of New Year's Day. The coconut grove paid ten thousand dollars per year to its proprietor after deduction of all expenses, including the herding of some forty odd monkeys used for gathering the fruit. The "General Grant Well" had commenced spouting water without a brackish trace to it on the day that Vicksburg surrendered, July 4, 1863, and had been named in honor thereof. McCully tract belonged to Great Britain, and the only reason the Rapid Transit was able to go across it was because a London syndicate owned the stock. The various duck ponds were in places forty feet deep. It was a peculiarity of the Hawaiian banana that it grew upside down.

Never once did the tourist ask a question without getting a ready and instructive answer. Interrogator and lawyer were still on the car when we left it at the Moana. Kapiolani Park, and Billy Irwin's palace and the pond Biles and the Aquarium were doubtless queried about, and all sorts of interesting information furnished.

And the tourist got his money's worth and the Democrat his recreation, and a new and invaluable cure for monotony was discovered. If enqui be yours, indulge in the noble sport of "Stringing the Tourist."

JAPANESE DEMOCRACY.

There are a great many reasons why the Jap gets the better of the haole in business, and is encroaching more and more every day. He studies our methods and adopts them with a few oriental trimmings. He doesn't have to pay fancy salaries to salesmen, and seldom has a surplussage of them. He is commercially shrewd, and can drive a good bargain in the purchase or sale of anything from a bag of peanuts to a wife. He is ambitious, and many a one of his street carts have developed into a small store, which in turn gives way to a larger one where white trade as well as Jap is solicited.

Perhaps a very small factor in his success is his treatment of his employees, but it is none the less interesting on that account. In several of the big dry goods and grocery stores quite a large force is employed. They are not paid much and they have to work and work hard. But with all that, a spirit of democracy prevails which one would not expect amongst the subjects of the Mikado. You would have no trouble in telling who was the boss if you visited the Kaneohe ranch when the proprietor was at home, or even if you didn't visit that demesne, but met him in town. You would have difficulty in any large Japanese store in making a like guess. Perhaps this may be on account of a belief that it increases sales, but it is true.

And your Jap merchant, while economical, cultivates a good spirit amongst his clerks and janitors and drivers by getting them quite often together around the festive board. Sunday is always chosen. The men put on their glad rags and patent leather shoes, and the women—for they are never overlooked—their holiday kimones, longest obis and highest shoes, and all resort to some convenient tea house or club. Again, although he be the host, it is hard to select the proprietor. He, with his male employees, immediately sheds his "European" raiment, and takes to the more comfortable Nippon costume. There is always a bathroom of some kind on hand, and it is always used. And afterwards the men indulge in athletics or sit around, and with those queer little buttons which resemble diminutive poker checks, take castles and conquer cears and do other warlike stunts on a small board resembling in some respects one

(Continued on Page Five.)